

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME LII

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## Thanksgiving.

By Nancy Byrd Turner.  
Ruby red of apples,  
Yellow pumpkins' gold,  
Silver-frosted chestnuts  
Clicking in the cold;  
Wheat and barley garnished,  
Brown corn in a heap;  
Each Thanksgiving Day that comes  
Is easier to keep!

Every kind of blessing—  
Health, and hope, and love;  
Soft old earth beneath me,  
Sweet old sky above;  
Home a tent around me,  
Good friends failing never;  
Every new Thanksgiving  
I'm thankfuller than ever.

## "The Thank-You Day."

By Frances Harmer.

Jimmy was a little boy who had come to live with some cousins because his father and mother had gone West for a time. The cousins of course had a father and mother, too, but Roy and Katie and Dick seemed so much more interesting and important than the grown-up people, who did not play, that Jimmy always said he had come to live with his cousins.

Katie, who was thirteen years old, was very good to him. She helped him to dress every morning, and washed even his ears without hurting him. Not everyone can do that, although, of course, your mother can.

Roy was fifteen. He could carry Jimmy on his back, and run! Dick was about Jimmy's age, and knew lots of games; but Dick sometimes played tricks on Jimmy, because at first Jimmy believed everything that Dick said.

"There's a big turkey just come in," said Jimmy. "To-morrow isn't Sunday."

"No, to-morrow's Thanksgiving," answered Dick. "You get a better dinner on Thanksgiving than you do on Sunday."

"Why?" said Jimmy. "Why" was a word he used very often.

"Don't you know about Thanksgiving Day?" asked Dick.

"No, I don't think I do," said Jimmy. "No, I'm sure I don't know about it."

"I'll tell you," said Dick, with twinkling eyes. "It's the day when you mustn't say anything all day, except 'Thank you!'"

"Why?" asked Jimmy again. "Do people give you things?"

"Sometimes they do, and sometimes they don't," was Dick's answer. "But whether they do or not, you must just keep on saying 'Thank you!'"

The next morning Jimmy rose, full of excitement.

"This is 'Thank-You' Day," he reminded himself.

So, when Katie helped him to lace his shoes that he might not be late for breakfast, he said, "Thank you." Katie kissed him, being a motherly little girl, and he said, "Thank you" then, and how Katie laughed!

"You may sit here, Jimmy," said his uncle, who had not seen much of the little boy. "Get his chair, Roy."

"Thank you, uncle," Jimmy answered, and as Roy moved the chair to its place, he added, "Thank you, Roy."

He remembered the one word he was to use whenever anyone gave him anything to eat or drink. As his cousins talked a great deal, no one noticed him particularly, but at last so many "thank you's" made his aunt say:

"I think he's been very well brought up."

"Yes, he has," said his uncle. "I think I'll take him over to market in the wagon. All the others have something to do."

So Jimmy had a ride, just because he had said so many "thank you's" while he was having his breakfast.

When dinner time came he was tired and sleepy; but the big table, with its lights and colored leaves and pretty dishes and good things to eat, woke him up. He sat next his aunt, who had Dick on the other side of her.

Jimmy was glad it was so late when dinner came. He wanted to say so many other things, and he was afraid he might forget them by tomorrow. He was glad that there was only one day in the year when he had to say nothing except "Thank you."

Dick was having a glorious time

listening to Jimmy! He was thinking how much more fun he would have at night, when he meant to tell Jimmy how he had fooled him. But, as you will see, when the time came it was not Dick who laughed!

There were many guests at that Thanksgiving dinner. One was a tall, dark man whom no one except uncle and aunt had ever seen before.

Roy said "Sir" every time he spoke to him, and so did Katie. Jimmy thought they seemed somewhat afraid of him.

"He's the new schoolmaster," whispered Dick to Jimmy, behind his mother's back. "They say he's so strict that even the big boys are scared of him!"

When the plates came round to the youngest at the table, who were served last, Dick was soon so busy with his dinner that he forgot to pass anyone the salt, or olives, or anything.

"Come, come, Dick, pass the bread, my boy," said Dick's father. "Don't you see that Mr. Brown hasn't any?"

Even merry Dick felt a little frightened as the big dark man turned to look at him. He passed the plate of bread to Katie very quickly.

"No hurry," said Mr. Brown; but he did not smile, and everyone was quiet for a minute.

"The other little boy is forgetting to pass things," he said suddenly.

Everyone looked at Jimmy; and Jimmy, wondering what he had forgotten to pass, saw that there were three salt cellars right in front of him. He rather suspected that Dick had pushed them there when his mother was not looking; but he handed one of them to Mr. Brown, and as he did so said, "Thank you, sir."

Dick chuckled, but Mr. Brown said:

"I'm glad you can say thank you for a reproof, my boy. It promises well."

"More dressing, Jimmy boy?" asked his uncle.

"Thank you, uncle," answered Jimmy, holding out his plate.

"How many, many times that child has said 'Thank you' to-day!" exclaimed Roy. "What make you do it, sonny?"

Jimmy was puzzled. How could he reply to that question in the brief phrase that was all he could speak? He was silent.

"Never sulk, Jimmy, even if they do tease you," his aunt said in a low voice. Jimmy looked up at her, smiling. He could make his one answer to that.

"Thank you, aunt," he replied.

"I like that," said the new schoolmaster. "He can take instruction. I like that very much." And he nodded at Jimmy?

"But I must know why he does it today," persisted Roy. "Why do you keep saying 'Thank you' all the time, Jimmy?"

Jimmy decided that he must say one more word. "Thank-You" Day, he answered.

"Ah!" said Mr. Brown. "'Thank-you' Day! I like that. Good boy! 'Thank-you' Day! Capital!"

At night, Dick said to Jimmy: "I fooled you. You don't have to say 'Thank you' all day."

"Boys," said the father of Dick, suddenly, "you're pretty young, but I'm going to send you both to school to-morrow. The new schoolmaster thinks you ought to begin right away."

"Oh!" cried Dick. "I'm sorry; he's so strict. They all say so."

"I like him," said Jimmy, "and he said he'd like me, too. I'm not scared one bit."

"Yes, he likes you because you said 'Thank you' so many times," explained Katie, coming to help both the little boys to bed. "He didn't know it was all Dick's joke."

"No joke," said Dick. "I'll just have to make to-morrow a 'Thank-You' Day myself."

"All our days ought to be 'Thank-you' Days," said Dick's mother, when she kissed them good night. "And none of them 'Trick' Days, my boy."

Then Katie tucked them both into bed. — *Youth's Companion.*

## Religious Notice

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf. Will answer all calls.

J. W. MICHAELS,  
Fort Smith, Ark.

## The Turkey Dinner.

By Irving Palfrey.

It was the morning of the day before Thanksgiving, and all the rest of the family were in their places at the breakfast table when Dick came hurrying noisily downstairs. He rubbed his eyes and looked round.

"Good morning!" they all cried to him. "What makes you so late?"

"I guess it must be because I had such a hard time getting away from that turkey dinner," replied Dick, as he climbed into his chair.

"What turkey dinner?" asked his father.

"Another one of your dreams!" exclaimed his sister.

"Oh, yes, it was a dream," admitted Dick, "but it was the strangest dream!"

Of course they all wanted to hear it, and between mouthfuls Dick told of the wonderful adventure that he had had while fast asleep the night before.

"It did not seem at all like a dream," he said. "You see, I had been down in the woods beyond the back pasture for beechnuts, and on the way back to the house I was thinking of the Thanksgiving dinner we are going to have to-morrow. Just as I was passing the lower barn I heard a curious noise inside. I went to the door and looking in, but there was nothing to be seen. Then I heard the noise again, and more plainly. It seemed to come from the room at the farther end of the big floor—the room where we keep the grain for the horses. I crept across the floor and put my eye to a crack, and what do you suppose I saw in the middle of the room?"

They tried to guess, but he hurried on with his story:

"Inside the room a table was spread, and sitting in chairs round it were eight or ten of the biggest turkeys I ever saw. Each of them looked two or three times as large as the one we are going to have for dinner tomorrow. They wore hats; that is, the hen turkeys did, and the big gobblers wore high collars and white ties. The table had a white cloth, and there were plates and knives and forks and a vase of flowers and different kinds of food.

It was a regular Thanksgiving dinner, except that the turkeys themselves were eating it.

The waiters were rabbits, all dressed up like men; they brought in the dishes, and poured the coffee, and all that. And how those turkeys were talking! I couldn't understand what they said at first, but they were all gobbling and chattering at the same time, and it really sounded like a lot of men and women.

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#### ONLY A RUMMY CONTEST

Three bright young minions of the law, attached to acting Capt. Massey's vice division, discovered yesterday that sometimes the hand is quicker than the eye and that seeing is not always believing.

A "hot" tip directly from the Chief's office sent them on a still hunt for a gambling game said to be in progress somewhere in the vicinity of Wall Street and Vernon Avenue. Headed by Acting Lieut. Littell, Officers Schubert and Berenzweig dashed forward to capture the devotees of Dame Chance and bring them back, dead or alive.

And so it came to pass that the three "tip-toe cavaliers" came to a halt at the corner of Wall and Vernon and soon decided that a large building near there was the object of their search.

Acting Lieut. Littell and Officer Schubert hid in a narrow doorway across the street from the suspected place. While the energetic Mr. Berenzweig scaled a fence in the back and oozed his way into the building and soon glued his trained ear to one of the suspicious-looking doors.

Instinct, more than anything else, told him there were a lot of people in the place. But it takes evidence to convict a person of gambling, so Mr. Berenzweig held his breath and listened for the familiar "come on, you snake eyes" and "five, and five better." He listened and listened, but heard nothing.

"Sound-proof doors," he muttered to himself and without any loss of time proceeded to bore a few holes in the woor-work. He could see many men and women, playing cards, but not a sound came through the holes. So he drilled a few more.

"They're gambling, all right, but I can't tell what it is," he said to himself, and for the first time in his young life he began to fear that he needed the attention of an ear specialist.

In the meantime Littell and Schubert, across the street, saw two men in front of the building making suspicious signs.

"The place is tipped!" roared the Lieutenant, "Let's rush it."

In charged the two officers of the law. Berenzweig, through peepholes, saw them inside, looking around. Then they left and Berenzweig followed.

"Going to call the wagon," said Berenzweig as they reached the sidewalk.

"Wagon nothing," replied Littell. "It's just the Silent Athletic Club holding a 'rummy' tournament."

And so "vice report No. 295 G" went back to Chief's office with the information that the "hot" game at Wall and Vernon was only a club of deaf-mutes playing rummy for a small prize and using their fingers for conversations.—*Los Angeles (Cal.) Times, Nov. 13, 1923*

#### WARNING!

If you don't want to miss a real good time, come to the

#### Mask Ball & Watch Night

Under the Auspices of

PHILADELPHIA DIV., No. 30  
N. F. S. D.

December 31, 1923

AT

GRAND FRATERNITY  
HALL

1626 Arch Street

Orchestral Music Cash Prizes  
Coffee and Sandwiches on Sale

TICKET, \$1.00 \$1.00

Including Wardrobe

GRAND BAZAAR

auspices of the Ladies of

#### The Hebrew Association of the Deaf

AT

#### S. W. J. D. BUILDING

40-44 West 115th Street

Wednesday, December 12th, Afternoon and evening

Thursday

" 13th

" "

" "

Saturday

" 15th

" "

" "

Sunday

" 16th

" "

" "

PROCEEDS FOR THE BUILDING FUND

Please Come!

#### COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS

Mrs. Moses W. Loew, Chairman  
Mrs. Henry Plapinger, Vice-Chairman  
Mrs. Joseph C. Sturts, Secretary  
Mr. Adi Pleggenheimer, Treasurer  
Mrs. Marcus L. Kenner, Treasurer  
Mrs. Daniel Wasserman

#### Buy Christmas Seals



Fight  
Tuberculosis

#### BASKETBALL & DANCE

GIVEN BY THE



#### Deaf-Mutes' Union League

AT THE

#### Twenty-second Engineer's Armory

Broadway and 168th Street

Saturday Evening, January 5, 1924

DOORS OPEN AT 7:30 P.M.

TICKETS. - (Including Tax) - 75 CENTS

[Particulars later]

\$50 IN CASH PRIZES \$50

FOR ORIGINAL COSTUMES

#### GRAND MASK BALL

— OF —

Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D.

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 19th, 1924

#### AT BRONX CASTLE HALL

149th Street and Walton Avenue

Above Mott Avenue Subway Station

TICKETS  
ONE DOLLAR

MUSIC BY  
IMPERIAL ORCHESTRA

LARGE FRAT PENNANT TO DIVISION  
MOSTLY REPRESENTED

(Division Members will please write their name and Division on back of ticket)

#### COMMITTEE

Jack M. Ebin, Chairman

Fred C. Berger Louis Saracino

Edward J. Malloy Joseph Collins

Frank Rubano

William J. Hansen

Edward J. Zearo

\$125 Cash Prizes  
for Costumes

\$25 For Most  
Unique Costume

15th ANNIVERSARY

#### MASQUERADE & BALL

under the auspices of

#### Brooklyn Division Number 23

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

#### SHIELD'S BALL ROOM

Schermerhorn and Smith Sts., Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Boro Hall or Hoyt St. Sub. Stations)

Saturday Evening, February 2d 1924

#### COMMITTEE

Thomas J. Cosgrove, Chairman  
83 Seventh Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

John F. O'Brien, Secretary  
245 E. 156th Street, N. Y. City

A. L. Pach, Vice-Chairman  
A. Hitchcock, Treasurer  
H. P. Kane

J. D. Shea  
H. Seltzer  
W. H. Reiner

H. J. Powell  
J. B. Hollman  
S. E. Pachter

TICKETS \$1.00 (Including Wardrobe)

Music De Luxe

15th ANNIVERSARY

#### GRAND BAZAAR

auspices of the Ladies of

#### The Hebrew Association of the Deaf

AT

#### S. W. J. D. BUILDING

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PROCEEDS FOR THE BUILDING FUND

Please Come!

#### IMPORTANT NOTICE

NO BALL ON DECEMBER 1, 1923.

"The Lyceum" in which we would have held our Ball, notified us that this building will be closed immediately by order of the Building Department on account of structural faults.

We regret very much that our affair of December 1st, is called off till further notice.

Any tickets that have been sold will be refunded immediately.

Please inform your friends that there will be no Ball on December 1st, under our auspices.

MOSES W. LOEW, Chairman,  
Committee on Arrangements.  
Manhattan Division, No. 87, N. F. S. D.

#### MASQUERADE BALL

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Jersey City Division, No. 91  
N. F. S. D.

AT

#### PALACE GARDEN

412 WASHINGTON ST., HOBOKEN, N. J.

Saturday Evening, February 16, 1924

Particulars Later.

\$50 — IN CASH PRIZES — \$50

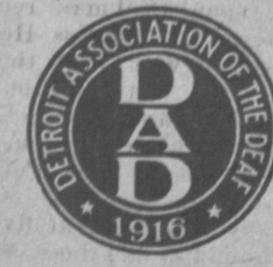
NOTE—The amount of \$50 reserved for Prizes will be divided for costumes judged to be the most Unique, Original, Handsome and Comical.

SEVENTH — ANNUAL PRIZE MASQUERADE BALL

FOR CLUB HOUSE FUND

GIVEN BY THE

COME TO HELP FOR CLUB FUND INCORPORATED



#### Detroit Association of the Deaf

ON

Saturday Evening, January 19, 1924

AT CONCORDIA HALL TEMPLE BUILDING

21 Monroe Ave. 8th Floor Take Elevator

Admission, (including wardrobe) 60 Cents

BEST MUSIC ORCHESTRA

THE COMMITTEE

Ivan Heymason, Chairman  
Earl F. Swader Clifford Goupiel  
Michael Miller Clifford Goupiel  
Russell Dagenais Irving J. Sohnlein M. A. Fielding  
J. H. Hellers Wm. J. Glaze M. C. Crittenden  
H. J. Bollman Gilbert Worley

RESERVED FOR THE NEW YORK BRANCH N. A. D.

Saturday Night, March 1, 1924

Particulars Later

#### Christmas Festival and Games

under the auspices of the

Lutheran Guild for the Deaf

Will be held at

ST. LUKE'S PARISH HOUSE

316 West 46th St., near 8th Ave.

NEW YORK CITY

Saturday Evening,

December 29, 1923

at 8 o'clock

Admission, 35 Cents</

# NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the **DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL**, Station M, New York.  
A few words of information in a letter or postal or card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The W. P. A. S. of St. Ann's Church gave another entertainment Saturday evening, November 17th, in the form of a set of tableaux representing well-known commercial advertisements. The affair was in charge of Miss Cecile Hunter, and was conducted with rare taste and skill. Samples of various tooth-pastes, face creams, chewing gums, etc., were distributed free to the spectators between the changes of tableaux. A limited number of regular size cans of baking powder and of spaghetti were offered for sale, and sold speedily. All goods having been donated to the W. P. A. S. by the manufacturers, the profits on these sales were clear profit. The tableaux were very artistically arranged, as follows:—

Baker's Cocoa, posed by Mrs. McCluskey Colgate's Tooth Paste . . . Doris Kent Swift's Hams } . . . Mr. Emmett Puryear Miss Anna Adams Stratford Candies . . . Mrs. Young Heinz's 57 Nettie Miller Lux . . . Mrs. Lieberz Wrigley's Gum } . . . Miss Hunter Orbit Gum Cream of Wheat } . . . Emmett Puryear, Doris Kent, and two hearing children Hudnut's Tooth-Paste . . . Miss Ballance Aunt Jemima Flour . . . Mrs. J. Smith Bon Ami . . . Mrs. Young Dutch Cleanser . . . Edna Adams Ayer's Cold Cream Uneda Biscuit Borax Powder Fairy Soap Royal Baking Powder Underwood Ham

The prettiest tableaux, judging from comment, were Baker's Cocoa, Fairy Soap, and Ayer's Cold Cream. Other very lifelike tableaux were Swift's Hams and Cream of Wheat with Mr. Puryear as the white-capped colored cook. Mrs. Smith made a passable Aunt Jemima, wit a plate of real pancakes. Dutch Cleanser and Uneda Biscuit were good, the latter being mistaken for a big poster until it moved and began throwing crackers into the audience.

The big box of Stratford candy was won by Mr. Allan Hitchcock, who chose No. 23, the number of his Frat chapter. (It pays to be loyal to your lodge.) The big bottle of toilet water—was won by Mr. John Livingston, who fortewith conferred it upon his best girl.

Refreshments were on sale, and were gobbed up. The committee responsible for the success of the entertainment consisted of Miss Hunter, Mrs. Kent, Mrs. Lieberz and Miss Craig. The pretty basket-girls who distributed samples were the Misses Craig, Thompson and Moss, and Mesdames Rapoport and McCluskey. The art work tableaux was done by Messrs Livingston, Young, and Pfandier.

At this reading the local N. A. D Branch Social Committee will have registered its first successful entertainment feature for the season 1923-24 in the form of a Movie Night. Now the Committee concentrates its energy and effort to its forthcoming Annual Banquet and Reception in honor of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, who, as we all know, was the first to impart to America Abbe de l'Epee's method of educating the deaf. His works in behalf of the deaf of his day are too familiar to need repetition. To honor his memory with a Banquet is indeed the least token of our gratitude. Hence it should be hoove us to try to be present at this occasion. The cost of tickets are the lowest of the preceding feasts: \$1.75 for members and \$2.00 for non-members. The Place: The Carroll Club, Madison Avenue, between 30th and 31st Streets, is already the most popular epicurean rendezvous of the deaf hereabout. The Time: December 10th, at 8 P.M. Tickets may be procured from one of the following: Ben M. Friedwald, Jere V. Fives, Jack Ebin, Harry Powell, Charles Schatzkin, Charles Wlemuth and Allen Hitchcock. Reservations will close on December 4th, at the regular quarterly meeting of the Branch at the Lexington Avenue School, Lexington Avenue and 67th Street.

## XAVIER E. S. NOTES.

The parable of the mustard seed was the Gospel sermon of Rev. Father Egan at the X. E. S. third Sunday Mass, at Xavier Alumni Chapel, November 18th. President Fives' interpretation was forceful and graphic. Maybe it was the bracing November air that kept down the attendance. Still the good intentions of the half hundred early risers, coming from a distance, was shown in the fact that all but a few received Holy Communion.

December 2d, the usual afternoon meeting of the X. E. S. in Union with the Brooklyn De l'Epee Society, which celebrates at the Carroll Club its annual function in honor of the Father of the Deaf of the world, a goodly number of reservations have been made. Books closed Thanksgiving Day. A number of notables

and not a few out-of-town deaf are to be "among others present."

Miss Dorothea Manchere recently had a tooth extracted. The surgeon, so it is said, had a ding-dang time getting around the molar. Since its removal, however, Miss Dorothea's ability to hear, has increased. Austin Fogarty, learning the facts, says he'd be content to go toothless for ever after, if the removal of his molars restored his hearing.

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Among other New Yorkers in New Haven the day of the Yale-Princeton game were Alexander L. Pach and Charles Schatzkin, the former did not see the game, as he did not arrive in New Haven till evening, when he presided over a joint meeting of the four Connecticut Divisions, who were assembled for the purpose of making N. F. S. D. stronger in the State. Bridgeport was represented by Brothers Youngs, Bakos, Bohn and Marshall; Hartford by Brothers Bonham, Moran and Bouchard; Waterbury by Brothers Grady, Cossette, O'Connell and Erbe, and New Haven by Brothers Hamra, Leeper and Quinu. At the Hotel Royal where the conference first assembled, Messrs. Lapides and Sullivan greeted visitors to the Elm City, assisted by a dozen or so of Elm City girls.

Having elected all the candidates he campaigned for, Johnny Sheats back evenings and reflects how he might have been had not Fate ordained he was to be a Frat in high water ranks. When asked the other night why it was the young ladies nowadays were red slippers when dancing, Johnny, said: "Why, to keep the floor warm."

Fred Meinken, so the rumor goes, now in the Windy City, presages a return to his home town for the holidays. His daughter, Helen, well-known actress, recently acted as hostess at an entertainment for the benefit of disabled members of the A. E. F.

Mr. John O'Rourke, of Kittery, Maine, a member of the Gallaudet Statue Committee, called on Dr. Fox last Wednesday morning. They discussed the plans for the Statue. Mr. O'Rourke expects to attend the dinner of the New York Branch N. A. D. on December 10th.

Miss Cecile Hunter attended the annual Army-Navy football game at the Polo Grounds last Saturday. Mrs. C. C. Colby, of Detroit, Mich., but now residing at Washington, D. C., was also supposed to be among those present.

Elmer E. Hannan, of Washington, D. C., is spending a few days in New York with Mrs. Hannan, who is visiting here.

Mr. and Mrs. John N. Funk sojourned in Atlantic City over the week-end.

## Deaf-Mute, Myopia Sufferer, Falls to Elevated Track.

Defective vision caused Emanuel Sidney, 48, a deaf-mute, 325 Central Park West, to fall from the platform to the tracks of the Third Avenue Elevated Station at 149th Street and Third Avenue, late yesterday afternoon.

Scores of people witnessed the accident expecting to see a train run the corner and crush the man to death.

Attracted by the shouts of the bystanders, a special officer in the employ of the Elevated Company, jumped down beside the helpless man and lifted him back to safety.

An ambulance from Lincoln Hospital was summoned.

When questioned the injured man made motions that he could not talk. He was able to write, however, and by means of a pencil and paper, police found out that the man was suffering from myopia. In his fall he sustained abrasions of the right hand and arm.—*Home News*, Nov. 26.

# OHIO.

News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.

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Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wright and Mr. and Mrs. Partridge, of Seattle, were visitors in Portland and Vancouver, Wash., on Saturday and Sunday, November 3d and 4th.

The Hallowe'en Social put \$218.24 to the good of the Society, the receipts from the affair were \$308.46 and expenses \$85.12.

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 6, 1923.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institute for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb, at W 162d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue, N.Y.C., is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man:  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

## Attention in Reading

To succeed in any profession a man must know some things well, and to do that he must cultivate the power of concentration. To acquire that power is the greatest difficulty that the young student has to meet, but unless he does meet it in early life he will be handicapped throughout his whole career. Until he acquires the power of giving his whole attention to what he is doing, his reading will be mechanical, and the longer he reads the less attentive he will be to what he does read. Like other habits, the lack of attention grows.

When Edmund Burke read a book, he gave his attention to it as if he thought he should never see it again. The result was that when he had finished reading it, the book was his own. Not only did he absorb the book with one reading and thus strengthen his mind for other work, but also he saved an immense amount of time that most people waste in reading the same thing again and again. Any book worth reading at all should be read with all the power of the mind concentrated on it.

In our own time there is danger of inattention in reading that did not prevail in older days, when books were few. Men like Webster and Lincoln read a few great books and mastered them, but today, when we have so many books, we are likely to read everything and retain nothing. Then the mind becomes a junk shop full of literary rubbish, little of which is worth the room it occupies. It is only the young man who cultivates the habit of attention and directs it to some of the really great books who can use his mental powers to the fullest.

Mere passive reading will soon wreck the memory and render the mind unable to think for itself. Rushing through a vast number of books, many of which are shallow and evanescent, and much newspaper stuff, highly seasoned with sensationalism, is sure to result in intellectual dyspepsia. Almost better not read at all than to vitiate the mind in that way. It is better to read one good book well, with the attention almost burning holes in the pages, than to read fifty volumes with the mind on everything from football to the Milky Way.

The question arises how best to control the attention and force the mind to overcome or prevent waste of mental energy. Many rules have been given; memory systems have been devised. Some advise reading with pencil in hand and underscoring or marking every important passage. That is all right in case you want to review the book; by noting the important points you can go over in a few minutes what required hours to read at first. But that method isn't worth much in strengthening the habit of attention; on the contrary,

the very fact that you intend to go over the matter again may have quite the opposite effect. The thing you are after is to find some way of making the author's message your own at the first reading, and so eliminating the necessity of reading the book again.

Although it may be impossible for the ordinary person to reach a point where repetition will be unnecessary, yet anyone can accomplish much if he tries. It is said that Macaulay could put his finger at the top of a page he had never read, and slowly moving it down the page to the bottom, could tell all the author had said, and that one reading was sufficient. It shows what training will do. Of course interest is an object arouses reflex attention, and some people never get beyond that kind; but the attention that counts in making a success of life is voluntary, and that kind is the result of a strong will. So to strengthen the habit of attention it is necessary also to exercise the will.

One good way to cultivate attention in reading is to form the habit of studying an hour or so every day some subject for which you have a natural aversion, and then to force the mind to reproduce it. A student may dislike Greek. Because he does dislike it he should force his attention to it, for in so doing he will find his greatest growth. The power of attention is strengthened by compelling it to concentrate on difficult subjects, and especially on those that are disagreeable.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL of October 18th repeated the article "Youth Defeats Handicap" from the Los Angeles Times, September 26th. It is the long story of Clinton George Moore. The statement makes correcting. Moore was born in Sacramento in 1898. He lost his hearing at the age of five from a fall. He was admitted into this school in 1908. He left school in 1911. After one year in the Sacramento Day School he was readmitted here in 1913 and graduated with a certificate last year. The fall had something to do with the slow development of his mind. He was at first timid and so the children loved to tease him. He never cared to take part in athletic sports. He got along pretty well in his studies. During his last two years in school he was able to talk by finger spelling. He got easily rattled whenever he was questioned face to face. His talent was drawing, but he was not original. He more than once gave up drawing but I made him continue at it till the boy was considered one of the best in the art class. The only trouble with him was that he could not act independently. He needed constant coaching. At last he excelled in portrait drawing. I made Moore attend a Saturday class in the School of Arts and Crafts down town. His progress there was satisfactory, but he dropped out. Later on, I again made him resume drawing down town. He continued there till his graduation. If he had been real ambitious, we might have kept him here as a post-graduate. The summer before his graduation he made some money by drawing portraits of film celebrities and others and for a number of people at Donner Lake resort. A rich lady there was so interested in him that she thought of sending him to the School of Design in San Francisco. But Moore was not quick enough to decide and take advantage of it. The opportunity was lost. This year he went to Los Angeles from Truckee to live with his mother and see if he could make his living. He copied and sold a number of portrait drawings. At present, so the paper says, he has been sent to the University of California, Sonther Branch of the California Rehabilitation Division, to receive a full course of instruction in commercial art for which he seems to show marked natural aptitude.—*Cal. News*.

The Oakland Silent Athletic Club is increasing in membership and will soon be forced to seek new quarters. In fact, search for a new club room has already begun. Some of the far-sighted members are urging the purchase of a building lot in the business district of Oakland is growing in importance by leaps and bounds. Her skyscrapers are a match for those of San Francisco, and her harbor is such a splendid one that she now receives the largest ocean-going steamers at her docks. There is a movement on foot to make one great city out of San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda. In order to accomplish this, it is proposed to bridge San Francisco Bay.—*Cal. News*.

## Gallaudet College.

As this letter is being penned the happy Thanksgiving vacation is drawing to a close, dusk is rapidly closing over the historic Green and the students are turning once more to their text books in preparation for the return to the grind. This vacation has been a very happy one for events have been arranged for the entertainment of the students each evening of the vacation.

Wednesday the twenty-eighth, the Frat Club gave its annual play "The Hurdy-Gurdy Girl," which we all enjoyed very much. Thanksgiving night, the boys and girls went to the theatre, accompanied by chaperones.

Friday evening the Y. W. C. A. gave a "Newspaper" party in the College Chapel, which was hugely enjoyed.

Saturday evening, taking a hint from Mr. George Wm. Veditz, we all took in the movies at the chapel, which showed Dr. Edward A. Fay relating the story of Dom Pedro's visit to the College in 1876, in the sign language. It was a very interesting picture.

The annual football game between the Preps and Fresh was cancelled by an agreement between these two classes, and the Y. W. C. A. gave a splendid Thanksgiving programme in the chapel in its place, a follows:

Hymn—"America, the Beautiful," Mr. Edward F. Kaercher, Reading of President Coolidge's Proclamation—Mr. J. T. Boatwright, Short Talk—Mr. U. C. Jones, Hymn—"A Song of Thanksgiving," Mr. Langenberg, Hymn—"America," Mr. Ben Yaffey, Prayer—Mr. R. F. Fletcher.

Mr. Bernard Teitelbaum, '23, of New York, spent Sunday visiting on the Green. "Teity" seemed quite happy to be here once more. He is connected with a printing firm in that city.

The following men have been voted the varsity "G" in football. Capt.

Langenberg, Pucci, Lahn, Falk, Rose, Bradley, Boatwright, Wallace, Young, Bumann, Szopa and Killian. Massinkoff, P. C. got the special mention.

A call has been issued for basketball men, and about 22 have responded. John Boatwright will lead the team through an easy practice session until the beginning of the season.

The students are looking forward to the annual football dance Friday, December 8th, with keenest of interest. The dance will be held in the men's refectory as usual.

James Beauchamp, who has been covering the college for the JOURNAL has spent the holiday in a local hospital, where he underwent an operation for the removal of his tonsils and has been unable to write a very good letter this week.

Deaf-Mute Buried Under Crumbling Foundation of New House.

Crushed by a section of concrete wall that toppled over on him in the cellar of the building at 306 Grand Avenue, near Third Avenue, Astoria, James Petit, 76 years old, 56 Carver Street, Astoria, died yesterday afternoon in St. John's Hospital, Long Island City. Petit was a first timid and so the children loved to tease him. He never cared to take part in athletic sports. He got along pretty well in his studies. During his last two years in school he was able to talk by finger spelling. He got easily rattled whenever he was questioned face to face. His talent was drawing, but he was not original. He more than once gave up drawing but I made him continue at it till the boy was considered one of the best in the art class. The only trouble with him was that he could not act independently. He needed constant coaching. At last he excelled in portrait drawing. I made Moore attend a Saturday class in the School of Arts and Crafts down town. His progress there was satisfactory, but he dropped out. Later on, I again made him resume drawing down town. He continued there till his graduation. If he had been real ambitious, we might have kept him here as a post-graduate. The summer before his graduation he made some money by drawing portraits of film celebrities and others and for a number of people at Donner Lake resort. A rich lady there was so interested in him that she thought of sending him to the School of Design in San Francisco. But Moore was not quick enough to decide and take advantage of it. The opportunity was lost. This year he went to Los Angeles from Truckee to live with his mother and see if he could make his living. He copied and sold a number of portrait drawings. At present, so the paper says, he has been sent to the University of California, Sonther Branch of the California Rehabilitation Division, to receive a full course of instruction in commercial art for which he seems to show marked natural aptitude.—*Cal. News*.

The original songs by Miss Watts, Mrs. McGann, and Mrs. Meagher—all having catch chorus punctuated with harmonious thumps of a big base drum—stressed the glories of Chicago and the frats. Civic pride, sort of rally-round-the-flag stuff. They went over great. Two acts in natural pantomime and costumes, understandable to kids and bearing folks as well as silent spectators. A farce that subtly stressed the pending negotiations for a merger of the Pas-a-Pas with the Silent A. C., and as subtly brought home the merits of the N. F. S. D. Those girls acted their roles like regular troopers—cool, collected, concise, and altogether adorable.

The four acts of "Julius Caesar" took just 45 minutes, and the burlesque fluctuated between real tragedy and downright buffoonery.

One mishap not on the bill is worth noting: The two soldiers shot dice (huge black boxes, eight inches square) and Ruskin lost and removed everything but his outer garment; lost that also, then went into the wings to remove it, coming back in a barrel. The plot called for him to shake and lose that also, whereon the tax collector would appear and relieve him of the embarrassment of having to pose as "September Morn." That is what was to happen. What did happen is Ruskin reached over to pick up the dice, reached too far, and over went Ruskin, barrel and all. There he floundered around, vainly trying to get up without revealing his nakedness, while the rest of the cast stood in the wings, too convulsed with mirth to come out and help him.

Rubber daggers were used in the Senate scene. Costumes included scale tunics, baldric cuirass, armored breast-pieces, helmets imported from Europe, and gleaming Roman swords. Probably the most impressively costumed performance given in silent circles here for decades. Of the entire bill, numbers 1, 5 and 9 were the only ones not specially costumed and made-up with grease paint.

There were so many individual stars that to name just a few would be an injustice to others who well earned distinction. Joe Wondra, called the premier deaf comedian of America, gave the best characterization of his life; enabled thereto by the characteristic "feeders" of his companion, Meinken. Most deaf "diabolos" are trite and tiresome, but this Wondra-Meinken act was good enough for the Orpheum circuit were it were given in words.

The carpenters did everything possible to make the injured man comfortable until the arrival of the ambulance. The firemen forced back the concrete to make sure no other person had been injured.

Investigation showed that the building was formerly a frame dwelling that is being made over into a three story brick structure. A store is to occupy the street floor, with living quarters on the two upper floors. The store front has not been installed.

Petit was employed as a handy man. The cellar is surrounded by a concrete wall necessary to support the additional weight of the brick above. Petit was at work in the rear right corner of the cellar when the section fell. He could not hear the warning crackling sound.

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Inspector Charles Bales of the Queens Building Bureau was sent to investigate. He will make his report to Building Superintendent John W. Moore.—*Daily Star (L. I. City)* Nov. 27.

The Susan Welsley Circle, 26 strong, enjoyed a chicken dinner at

## CHICAGO.

"Immortal Caesar, dead and turned to clay!"  
Would weep to see us silents give his play?  
Here in the Sac we stabbed with dirks of rubber—  
Which made the fraters guffaw, grin and blab.

The "Frat Vaudeville" at the Silent A. C., November 24th (preparations for which caused The Meaghers—managers thereof—to forego Chicago letters in the last two issues of the JOURNAL) was all that could be desired. Aside from door admissions. Attendance, 117 souls.

Starting at 8:37, the ten numbers came off in snappy style, ending at 11 o'clock. No long waits. Nothing tiresome or trite. Varied and versatile.

Program:

Address . . . . . President Morton Henry  
"Deaf Chicago" . . . . . Miss Gladys Watts  
Sign-Song With Drum Accompaniment  
"The Marriage Broker" . . . . . Anna McGann & Co.  
One-Act Farce

Broker—Anne McGann, Client—Jim Meagher, Marriageable Prospects—Unkissed and unlovable, Mary Barrow; Belle of the Bowery, Frieda Meagher; Frat Widow, Cora O'Neil; Lazy Lassie, Gladys Watts; Flapper, Lydia McNeil; Giggler, Blanche Craig; Belle Guinness, Virginia Clinnen;aged 80 (but worth \$153,000,000), Fauny Hunter.

"Gallagher and Sheeney".

Meinken and Wondra Up-to-date Dialog

"The Frats Thanksgiving" Anna McGann  
Sign-Song With Drum Accompaniment  
"Rescued By Cowboys" . . . . Lorenz & Co.  
Pantomime in Natural Signs. Directed by President

Cowpunchers, Otto Lorenz and Leo Clinnen, Cowgirl, Lydia McNeil, Indians, Joe Wondra and Bernard Taran, Squaw, Virginia Clinnen.

"Barbara Frietchie" . . . . Mary Barrow  
"Julius Caesar" . . . . All-Star Cast  
Four-Act Burlesque on Shakespeare's Famous Tragedy

Cesar, M. Henry; Calpurnia, Mary Barrow; Antony, F. Meinken; Cicero, G. Brashar; Brutus, J. Meagher; wife, Fanny Hunter; Cassius, Joe Wondra; wife, Anna McGann; Senator Casca, W. Barrow; Soothsayer, O. Lorenz; Messala, Gladys Watts; Trumpeter, "Red" Meagher; Soldiers, L. Ruskin and B. Taran.

"N. F. S. D." . . . . Frieda Meagher  
Sign-Song With Drum Accompaniment  
"The Gypsy" . . . . Surprise Cast  
Pantomime in Natural Signs

Spanish dancer, Edith McCarthy; Gypsy, L. Ruskin; Don Juan, Frieda Meagher.

The original songs by Miss Watts, Mrs. McGann, and Mrs. Meagher—all having catch choruses punctuated with harmonious thumps of a big base drum—stressed the glories of Chicago and the frats. Civic pride, sort of rally-round-the-flag stuff. They went over great. Two acts in natural pantomime and costumes, understandable to kids and bearing folks as well as silent spectators. A farce that subtly stressed the pending negotiations for a merger of the Pas-a-Pas with the Silent A. C., and as subtly brought home the merits of the N. F. S. D. Those girls acted their roles like regular troopers—cool, collected, concise, and altogether adorable.

The four acts of "Julius Caesar" took just 45 minutes, and the burlesque fluctuated between real tragedy and downright buffoonery.

One mishap not on the bill is worth noting: The two soldiers shot dice (huge black boxes, eight inches square) and Ruskin lost and removed everything but his outer garment; lost that also, then went into the wings to remove it, coming back in a barrel. The plot called for him to shake and lose that also, whereon the tax collector would appear and relieve him of the embarrassment of having to pose as "September Morn." That is what was to happen. What did happen is Ruskin reached over to pick up the dice, reached too far, and over went Ruskin, barrel and all. There he floundered around, vainly trying to get up without revealing his nakedness, while the rest of the cast stood in the wings, too convulsed with mirth to come out and help him.

Rubber daggers were used in the Senate scene. Costumes included scale tunics, baldric cuirass, armored breast-pieces, helmets imported from Europe, and gleaming Roman swords. Probably the most impressively costumed performance given in silent circles here for decades. Of the entire bill, numbers 1, 5 and 9 were the only ones not specially costumed and made-up with grease paint.

There were so many individual stars that to name just a few would be an injustice to others who well earned distinction. Joe Wondra, called the premier deaf comedian of America, gave the best characterization of his life; enabled thereto by the characteristic "feeders" of his companion, Meinken. Most deaf "diabolos" are trite and tiresome, but this Wondra-Meinken act was good enough for the Orpheum circuit were it were given in words.

The carpenters did everything possible to make the injured man comfortable until the arrival of the ambulance. The firemen forced back the concrete to make sure no other person had been injured.

Investigation showed that the building was formerly a frame dwelling that is being made over into a three story brick structure. A store is to occupy the street floor, with living quarters on the two upper floors. The store front has not been installed.

Petit was employed as a handy man. The cellar is surrounded by a concrete wall necessary to support the additional weight of the brick above. Petit was at work in the rear right corner of the cellar when the section fell. He could not hear the warning crackling sound.

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Inspector Charles Bales of the Queens Building Bureau was sent to investigate. He will make his report to Building Superintendent John W. Moore.—*Daily Star (L. I. City)* Nov. 27.

The Susan Welsley Circle, 26 strong, enjoyed a chicken dinner at

the next "encore." Bringing Mountain to the Mountain, as it were. Educating the deaf to proper appreciation. Just one bouquet, but it did a lot of traveling.

Following this "wonderful waffles and cream coated coffee, 25 cents" were served—seven ladies slaying for hours to return a small net. This serving of eats does not pay, considering the rentals, and is an injustice and hardship to the ladies involved, inasmuch as they were mostly deprived of seeing the performance.

An interested spectator was Ladislav Cherry, who manages the Sac Vaudeville performance of February 2d. It is to be hoped his organization gives him much better support at the door than Chicago Division, No. 1, National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, gave its own duly appointed chairman.

The whole town is stirred up by the mysterious murder, early